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# THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

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FREDERICK A. WRIGHT





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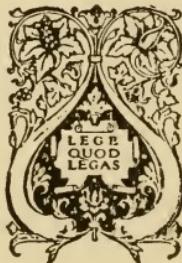




# THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

## and Other Poems

BY  
FREDERICK A. WRIGHT



BOSTON  
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY  
1916

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To M. G. W.

*Though thy rich worth transcends the art  
Of all my poetry,  
This book of verses from my heart  
I dedicate to thee.*

*The earth below, the heaven above,  
Thy nature sweet and strong,  
I melt them in the fire of love  
And coin them into song.*

*Though rough the die, yet fire is there;  
Then take these songs. They ring  
Of metal true, and lo! they bear  
The image of our King.*



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F. A. W.



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**THE HOUSE ON THE HILL**  
**and Other Poems**



## THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

'MID the crowds in the city thronging  
The streets that are never still,  
I turn with a secret longing  
To a house on a lonely hill.

Like a bird, it looks far over  
Field, farmhouse, pasture and pond,  
Tobacco and corn and clover,  
To the western mountains beyond.

Here, the multitudes rise from their slumber  
To the anxious cares of the day,  
And hurrying feet without number  
Wear the stones of the street away.

There, the morning awakens the meadow  
And the day dawns over the wood,  
As God made a world from a shadow,  
“ And behold it was very good.”

The partridges hide in the bushes  
And the rabbits feed in the grass,  
And the robins and grosbeaks and thrushes  
Sing aloud, and the wild deer pass.

In the pasture the sheep are browsing,  
And the white clouds browse in the sky,  
And the lazy kine are drowsing,  
While the summer day goes by.

And it's all so different yonder  
From the scenes where my work is done,  
That I sometimes think that I wander  
Through two worlds instead of one.

We are slaves of duty and pity,  
And cannot go where we will;  
I stay in the house in the city,  
But I live in the house on the hill.

## THE GALLEY SLAVE

THE winds are the songs of the ocean,  
And the clouds are the dreams of the sky,  
And the river thinks in shadows  
Forever intangibly.  
And the mists are the moods of the meadows,  
Where the dews of the morning lie,  
And the forest speaks its message,  
And the mountains prophesy.  
  
And the life of my heart, where the sunshine  
And shadows shimmer and flee,  
Belongs to the great World-Spirit  
That is timeless and strong and free ;  
A galley slave in the dream cloud  
That sails the uncharted sea,  
Obeying the forms and the voices  
That give their commands to me.

## WINTER AT THE FARM

WHEN the ice is under the ruined mill,  
And the brown weeds hiss in the wintry gust,  
And the farmer forgets his summer skill,  
And the idle plowshare is rimmed with rust,  
Then heap on wood for the wind blows chill.

When the willows are bare by the frozen rill,  
And the western sun is like gold on the snow,  
And the shadows lengthen and deepen until  
The stars shine white on the fields below,  
Then heap on wood for the wind blows chill.

When the snow drifts deep on the storm-swept  
hill,  
And the branches toss, and the night comes  
on,  
And the nests of the birds are as cold and still  
As a poet's brain when the life has gone,  
Then heap on wood for the wind blows chill.

When the garnered gifts of the summer fill  
The utmost bounds of the threshing floor,  
When the lights are lit and the rafters thrill  
With a friendly knock at a lonely door,  
Then heap on wood for the wind blows chill.

## ON THE STRANGE ECHOES IN SAVONAROLA'S CELL

SOFITLY the gathering shades of evening fall  
On chair and desk and book and the bare  
floor ;  
The deepening gloom of twilight settles o'er  
Bartolomeo's picture on the wall.  
Those prophet lips which Rome could not  
appall,  
(The torture was but half a conqueror),  
Are sealed in silence now forevermore ;  
A mightier potentate holds them in thrall.  
But the deep echoes in the inner Cell,  
In cavernous reverberating tones,  
Like some far voice across the ages, tell  
Of midnight prayers and secret sobs and  
groans  
And blood-bought vows, until the very stones  
Are vocal with a voice remembered well.

## AT SUNSET

THE sun has sunk behind the hill,  
The misty fields are dim and still,  
And slumbrous purple shadows fill  
    The hollows of the day,  
And even the little baby rill  
    Is weary of its play.

On many a world sinks many a sun,  
Where countless stars their courses run;  
Ah! when this happy world is gone,  
    And all its joys are o'er,  
Grant us, dear Lord, as fair a one  
    Out of thy boundless store.

## THE EMISSARIES

My days are like the flakes of snow  
Upon a windy night;  
I cannot seize them as they go,  
Nor check their wayward flight;  
E'en while I gaze, they hurry on  
Into the darkness, and are gone;  
Strange envoys from that mystery  
That mortal vision cannot see.

My days are like the waves that run  
Upon the rocky steep;  
In long succession, one by one,  
They ebb into the deep,  
Voices from endless leagues of brine  
Beyond the far horizon line;  
The messages they bring to land  
I hear, but cannot understand.

## TO THE DAISY

SWEETEST wild flower of the fields,  
    Darling of the sunlit sky,  
Oh, the radiance that it yields  
    To thine upward-gazing eye!

Bending grasses, soft and sweet,  
    Stately grasses, tall and fair,  
Wash with tears of dew thy feet,  
    Wipe them with their waving hair.

Secrets that the lark knows well  
    In thy dainty form appear;  
To the eye thy grace doth tell  
    What his songs tell to the ear.

Lest thou wither in the heat  
    When the morning dews depart,  
Lest thy loveliness should fleet,  
    See, I plant thee in my heart.

There thy blossom never dies,  
    Never droops the fadeless spring;  
There the dew forever lies,  
    There the birds forever sing.

## GOOD MORNING

Good morning, my little boy blue!  
The flush of the dawn's in the sky,  
The grass of the meadow is wet with the dew,  
And the robin is singing on high.

The sun of ambition not yet  
Has come, with its pitiless rays,  
To bring you the panting, the pain, and the  
sweat,  
Of the noontide of passion ablaze.

No sign of the cloud-rack appears,  
No hint of the wild afternoon,  
The lightning of loss and the tempest of tears,  
And the darkness that falleth too soon.

Then follows the bow of that peace  
Which paints the departing of light,  
When pleasures and labors and sorrows must  
cease  
In the infinite calm of the night.

Good morning, then, little boy blue!  
The flush of the dawn's in the sky,  
The grass of the meadow is wet with the dew,  
And the robin is singing on high.

## JACOB

As on some stormy night, a giant tree  
Thrusts up its gaunt and brawny arms to  
find  
    And wrestle with the angel of the wind,  
And gains a friend, mysterious, wild and free,  
Whose name it cannot learn, whose form it  
cannot see:

So, in the darkness of eternity  
    And night and chaos, stands the human  
        mind,  
    And reaches upward, buffeted and blind,  
        To grope amid the sky of destiny,  
And wins the Soul unnamed, behind the mystery.

## ALFRED TENNYSON

ELIJAH-LIKE, his spirit climbs the sky  
In blazing chariot terrible and fleet,  
Amid the falling stars, like sparks that fly  
Beneath his flaming charger's fiery feet.

And he who sees his vanishing flight receives  
A portion of the spirit of his rhyme,  
And that prophetic mantle, which still cleaves  
A passage through the Jordan stream of time.

## TO DEATH

AH, Death! that givest us sweet reprieves,  
Like Autumn's afterglow,  
Ere she blows out the light of her flaming leaves  
And lies down on her pillow of snow,  
What secrets lie hidden of joy and Spring  
'Neath the silent down of thy snow-white wing?

## AURORA

As the morning shines forth with a splendor  
beseeming

Aurora, whose smile is the light of the day,  
So the soul of my love, o'er my destiny stream-  
ing,

Through life's solemn sky shoots her opaline  
ray,

And the fathomless gloom becomes fathomless  
gleaming

And melts in the infinite azure away.

All the roseate mists of the morning are bring-  
ing

A tribute to her of the gems they possess,  
And the brook in the cool of its shadows is sing-  
ing

In music the praise that no words can express,  
And the breath of the flowers tells the love that  
is clinging

Deep hid in the heart of her womanliness.

As the breezes are laden with gladness that waft  
her

The joy of bird voices whose music she hears,  
As the mist hath a silvery radiance after  
The night dews are past and the sunlight  
appears,

So she thrills with a mirth that is lighter than  
laughter,  
And glows with a pity more tender than tears.

'Mid the glistening dews of Nepenthe I sought  
her,  
And wandered alone through the fields of the  
sky;  
From the blossom of asphodel meadows I  
brought her  
And with her the bloom of the day star on  
high,  
And to taste of her love is to drink of the water  
Of life from a spirit that never can die.

## INTUITION

How came this sense of boundless space and  
years

To be thy burden, O my heart? Where hast  
Thou heard the name Eternity? Thy past  
Is fathomless. What starry host of tears,  
Half seen amid the twilight dawn, appears?

What message comes to thee upon the blast,  
Chill from immeasurable gulfs and vast,  
Through which forever roll the mighty spheres?  
Doth not the great World-Soul from spaces lit  
By star rays incarnation find in thee,  
To there enshrine a shadowy memory,  
That, with strange intimations, it may fit  
Thy spirit to stand, fearless, erect and free,  
Before the presence of the Infinite?

## TO PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE forbidden patter of little feet  
Disturbed the hush of my hour alone,  
But had my verse a cadence as sweet,  
It would beggar the music of Shelley's own.

O Shelley, I've loved you passing well,  
And you've sung to me many happy times,  
But a footstep's poetry can tell  
What never was written in books of rhymes.

## THE FAIRY QUEEN

THE Queen is gone from the forest ; gone  
From the mountain's enchanted place !  
Dead with the winds and the dews of dawn,  
And the mists that the sunbeams chase !  
Clouds in the sky as the day wears on,  
And wrinkles upon the face.

Goblin, brownie, and elf, and fay,  
From the meadows all have fled,  
Like the young whom the pangs of hunger slay  
When the mother bird is dead.  
Alas ! that the hunter found his prey !  
Alas ! that the arrow sped !

Science hated and hunted all  
The gentle fairy brood ;  
He drove the gnome from the waterfall  
And the peri out of the wood,  
And he made the populous forest hall  
A desolate solitude.

Plenty of wisdom and knowledge and truth !  
And labor's weary stroke !  
Ambition and pride and wealth, forsooth !  
And the harness and the yoke !  
But oh ! for the vanished vision of youth,  
The Queen of the fairy folk.

## MARJORIE

THE sun shone bright  
On the golden summer hours,  
And the gentle air was laden  
With the perfume of the flowers

Like the bees with their honey  
O'er the fragrant fields that rove,  
Like the days with their gladness,  
Like the heart with its love,

When Marjorie and I,  
All the long, long day,  
Planned the life that lay before us,  
As the sweet fields lay,

And we wandered off together,  
Like two idlers in a dream,  
O'er the grasses in the meadow,  
And the gentian by the stream,

Till a gleaming cloud at sunset,  
Like some glorious hope on high,  
Withdrew our thoughts from fields of flowers  
And fixed them in the sky.

## THE LOOKOUT

WITH eye fixed on the future, and with mind  
Intent on truth, he takes the place assigned  
By the Almighty Captain of mankind.

Alone he notes with anxious glances how  
The waves of fortune curl beneath the prow ;  
He feels the winds of ocean on his brow.

The mighty engines beat and throb below,  
And weary workers hurry to and fro,  
And merry crowds who heed not where they go.

The stars above him twinkle from the height  
Of heaven, like some intermittent light  
From islands in the ocean of the night.

Before him, with weird cries a wandering  
Wild creature flaps her never resting wing,  
Like homeless love that hath not where to cling.

He dreameth of the land that is to be  
Beyond the shifting shadows of the sea,  
Beyond the night of starry mystery,—

The land where weary travellers find a rest,  
Where beckoning stars veer in the boundless  
west,  
Where homeless love at last shall build her nest.

## THE ANSWER

Is this the temple where the Lord doth dwell  
In hallowed walls on consecrated ground,  
While all the age-long noises of a hell  
Of grief and want and warfare rage around?  
And will He bid men's laggard voices swell  
The psalm with those who cry that all is well?

No answer breaks the quiet of the sky;  
The silence is like mist upon the sea  
Where ships go down; till, as to make reply,  
The organ's voice bursts forth in harmony,  
With discords deftly interwined, and I  
Discern therein a message from on high

Of heavenly motives, moved at the behest  
Of loftier ends than human spirits seek,  
Through discords on to harmony and rest,  
Supporting the faint spirits of the weak,  
Making them strong for thorny paths un-  
guessed,  
That shun the better, to attain the best.

## THE QUEST

AMID the shifting currents of  
The seas of human thought,  
I put my hope in God above,  
Where'er my barque be brought,  
And do not think my quest of love  
At last will come to naught.

With pure, untarnished lustre my  
Ideal shines afar,  
And lures my gaze into the sky,  
Retreating like a star,  
And shows a wider world on high,  
Where the eternal are.

Where jagged precipices frown  
'Mid snowy cliffs and hoar,  
Or where a peaceful sea kneels down,  
With palm trees bending o'er,  
And gently lays its jewelled crown  
Of foam upon the shore;

'Mid northern cold or tropic heat,  
Through misty shapes of death,  
By day or night, in sun or sleet,  
Borne on the breeze's breath;—  
Unresting still, I sail to greet  
A form that beckoneth.

Conflicting are the currents of  
The seas of human thought,  
But I look up to heaven above,  
As every true man ought,  
And do not think my quest of love  
At last will come to naught.

## THE COST

DEATH is the price we pay for life;  
The fairest hopes are matched with fears,  
And conquest ever hath its strife,  
    And victory its tears.  
We buy the glory with the slain:  
It will not bring them back again.

We work our own salvation out;  
We purchase manhood with our youth,  
And found our faith on many a doubt,  
    And agonize for truth,  
While science fair, for whom we sigh.  
Can only bid her lovers die.

We know Christ died to save mankind  
From sin; no mortal man may guess  
The cost to the Almighty Mind  
    To save from nothingness  
A world. We see the world He made:  
We do not see the price He paid.

And I would save our love sublime  
From the same void. Ah, God! that we,  
Who cannot catch the skirts of Time,  
    Would grasp eternity;  
That in our heart of flesh it lies  
To pay that cost and win that prize.

## SECRETS

THE splendor-thronèd summer sun  
Is vassal of some other one

Beyond the reach of thought,  
But what that other one may be  
Is never told to thee or me,  
Or how his will is wrought.

Piloted by the autumn breeze,  
Yon cloud explores the sunset seas,  
But will not come again  
Across the harbor bar of light  
That bounds the ocean of the night,  
To tell its tale to man.

The wintry polar light streams forth,  
And round the camp fires of the North  
A band of stars appears ;  
And there a martial song is sung,  
But it is not for mortal tongue,  
And not for human ears.

## HIS NAME

Love pierces the depths of the heart like the sun in the ocean;

Love rides on the heights of the soul like the clouds in the sky;

Love reigns in the tempests of death like the midnight's commotion;

Love gleams on the summits of life like the day-star on high.

In the sea and the sky and the winds and the mountains I sought Him;

In the sea and the sky and the earth He was ever the same;

The depths and the heights and the dying and living have brought Him,

And now He dwells with me forever, and Love is His name.

## A JOURNEY IN WINTER

THE evening shadows solemnly  
    Enclosed the road we trod ;  
Out of the night's dim mystery  
    Our pathway, rod by rod,  
Unfolded, like futurity  
    Out of the hand of God.

The winds amid the forest drear  
    Were wandering to and fro,  
Like wolves that lonely woodmen hear  
    At night across the snow ;  
The brook stopped frozen, white with fear,  
    And did not dare to flow.

The eddies of the snow were white  
    As whirlpools flecked with foam.  
Ah ! sad it is, on such a night,  
    For houseless folk to roam ;  
But hearts are light and eyes are bright  
    When steps are turned toward home.

## THE HUNTERS

LIFE's poetry lies hid in common things,  
Which we dull hunters pass unheeding by,  
Until there comes a sudden flutter of wings  
That leaves us gazing at an empty sky.

## THE INVISIBLE MAN

We boys used to know a sprite of the air  
That no one could ever spy,  
And yet we knew when he was there,  
And could tell when he passed by.  
And once he spoke to us as we played,  
And every one of us ran ;  
And once he upset a boat that I made,—  
The old Invisible Man.

He used to move the things that we hid,  
And he took our things away,  
And he always knew what we said and did,  
Wherever we were at play.  
We could hear that sprite in our rooms at night,  
As only the children can,  
And as we listened we shook with fright,  
And said, “ The Invisible Man ”!

But somehow this spirit passed away  
With childhood’s pleasures and fears ;  
I suppose that maybe he went astray  
In the labyrinth of the years.  
Oh ! his robe was the trailing clouds of the dawn  
When the morning of life began ;  
He belongs with the times and the friends that  
are gone,—  
The old Invisible Man.

The things we get and the things we achieve  
Are things we can feel and see;  
And it's easy to doubt, and it's hard to believe,  
And where is the mystery?  
We are grown-up folks, in a grown-up age,  
And we live on a grown-up plan,  
And there's many a worker and many a sage,  
But no Invisible Man.

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

ORPHEUS of the heart ablaze,  
    Sunshine of the sky above,  
Seeks the dawning of the days,  
    Seeks Eurydice, his love ;  
In the shadow-land she strays.

With the lyre of memory,  
    In the land where that which seems  
Is the one reality,  
    Orpheus walks with her in dreams  
Through a starlit melody.

But its stars grow dim and wan,  
    Fade — and so at length depart,  
Like those eyes that now have gone  
    From the zenith of our heart  
Into the eternal dawn.

Faces, cliff-like, cold and white,  
    Summits inaccessible  
Which have pierc'd the snowy height  
    Whence the morn is visible,  
Shine as with a heavenly light.

Orpheus of the burning heart  
    Rises from the land of sleep,  
Wakes to see his love depart,  
    Fading down the azure steep —  
Hushed the music, vain the art.

## THE MUSE

'MID broken hearts and death's advancing  
    wrong,

I note the paean tones the poets use.

"Is life all youth and love?" I ask the muse.  
"Surely thou dwellest on this note o'er long,  
Failing to match time's changes with thy song.

Should noon or evening dream of morning  
    dews?

Should bankrupts sing the praise of what  
    they lose?

The feeble chant the epic of the strong?"

Forthwith the muse replied. "While mor-  
    tals march

Into the strife and anguish of the fray,  
    And wild eyes peer amid the shadows wan,  
Mine eye above the gloom of earth looks  
    on

Into the infinite peace of heaven's arch,  
    And sees the dawn of the eternal day."

## A LITTLE CHILD

THE morning light is in thine eyes ;  
Child of the dawn thou art ;  
Unsullied and untrodden lies  
The dew upon thy heart.

Thy youth and love have learned no fear  
Of pain or death to be ;  
Such ignorance is almost peer  
Of immortality.

I hear a bird when night is gone,  
Whose songs can never cloy ;  
His heavens are thine eyes of dawn,  
His nest thy heart of joy.

## ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

I READ in Shakespeare's famous line  
That " All the world's a stage."  
The drama's human and divine,  
    The setting suits the age ;  
And ladies fair and gallants fine,  
    The villain and the page,  
'Mid laughter glad, and song, and wine,  
    Their various parts engage.

Outside, the night is cold and wet,—  
    Within are all things gay ;  
We do not hear the wild winds fret,  
    The little while we stay ;  
Our eyes upon the stage are set,  
    Our minds upon the play —  
So easy is it to forget  
    How wears the world away.

But quickly finished is the show,  
    And all at length prepare  
To take their leave ; the lights burn low ;  
    There's many a vacant chair  
In many a blank, deserted row,  
    Like sightless eyes that stare ;  
But home at last the loiterers go,  
    And rest their spirits there.

## THE FAIR PORTION

OH, the petty ambitions that hold us thrall !  
And the petty wars that we wage !  
And the frets and worries that sting and gall !  
And the strifes that our hearts engage !  
When God's vast universe offers to all  
Its glorious heritage.

Ripple of brooks on the mountain height,  
And the ageless wash of the sea,  
Songs of birds in the glad sunlight,  
And the wind in the maple tree,  
And the ceaseless sounds of the summer night,—  
Oh, give them, oh, give them to me !

My spirit flies with the birds that fly,  
And roams with the wolves that roam ;  
Buoyant as eagles that soar on high,  
And wild as their rocky home ;  
Free as the clouds in a windy sky,  
And fleet as the driven foam.

Oh ! lovely, radiant, glorious Earth !  
Behold, I flee unto you,  
Like the jaded days, for the second birth  
Of the baptism of the dew,  
And fill my dewdrop of finite worth  
With the infinite leagues of blue.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE FIELDS

I LOVE the time when all the maple trees  
Blush red beneath the kisses of the breeze,

When supple elms are feathered o'er with soft  
Green down, when purple lilac buds aloft

Perfume the air; and in the fields behind,  
The bloodroots, sweetest nurslings of the wind,

And gentle violets, whose eyes of blue  
Are pure and chaste as star beams washed in  
dew,

Beflower the pleasant carpet of the grass,  
And nod their pretty heads to all that pass.

Sweet spirit of the fields, come to my heart,  
And there abide, and nevermore depart.

## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

I'M Jack-in-the-Pulpit ;  
The flowers are my congregation ;  
Whatever I tell them, they gulp it  
Without the least hesitation.

They can't get away from my sermon ;  
They have to stand still and receive it ;  
'Tis for me the truth to determine,  
'Tis for them to hear and believe it.

## THE NORTHWEST WIND

THERE is no wind like the great northwest wind ;  
The fogs and clouds before it flee,  
Like sins before a strong and righteous mind.  
It comes to set its people free.

It rolls the thunder of its sudden wrath  
On many a startled summer hour ;  
The lightning in its strong right hand it hath,  
A fiery seraph sword of power.

It walks the ocean in the morning light ; .  
The swift sunbeams before it dance.  
Its footsteps on the billows glisten white ;  
No man may see its countenance.

It knows the ranges of the mountain sheep ;  
Its haunts are cliffs they cannot scale.  
On cloudy wings, o'er many a snowy steep,  
It soars where eagle pinions fail.

The trees await it in the wintry sky ;  
Their tossing branches feel its spell ;  
Like Druid prophets of the days gone by,  
They utter forth its oracle.

By lonely rivers, when the day is gone,  
The timid gray fox stops to hark,  
And knows the night wind's voice, and passes on  
Across the meadows in the dark.

Most stern and keen of all the Winter's powers  
Whose memory the Spring receives,  
Strong soldier soul behind the summer flowers,  
Pall bearer of the autumn leaves,

There is no wind like the great northwest wind ;  
It is the spirit of the free ;  
The flight of its wild wing can no man bind,  
Nor circumscribe its destiny.

## REALITY

THE skies are blue and Summer brings  
All happiness to earth;  
Upon the bough the robin sings,  
And crowds of bright and joyous things  
Flit by on gauzy, sunlit wings,  
Like careless hours of mirth.

And ever sings the little rill  
A sweet and gentle tune,  
And all the sleepy winds are still;  
The sunlight shines upon the hill;  
The pleasant sounds of summer fill  
The golden afternoon.

Yet all is but a pageant whirled  
Out from the orb of mind,—  
Cloud bulwarks girt with rainbow, hurled  
On empty space, and quickly furled,—  
And this is but the vapor world  
Of a sphere which rolls behind.

And nothing lasting is but Love;  
The inexorable stream  
Of time will all things else remove,  
And naught in earth, or heaven above,  
Be left the form or substance of  
The shadow of a dream.

And earth itself must fade anon,  
    And quite forgotten be,  
Like some mirage that flickers on  
The mind's horizon and is gone,  
And soul be left to soul alone  
    Throughout eternity.

## WILD FLOWERS

My feet are on a winding way,  
The pleasant fields among;  
The wind is on my face, a lay  
Of gladness on my tongue;  
The morning shines with lavish ray  
Across the meadows flung.

The mountains rise against the sky,  
And build their rocky towers;  
The quiet woods are nearer by,  
With mossy nooks and bowers;  
And where the sheltering shadows lie  
I find the hiding flowers.

I cannot choose the road I take,  
Nor yet control the wind,  
Nor bid the happy valleys wake,  
Nor set the hills behind,  
Nor weave the mystery, nor make  
The living songs I find.

## THE MONK'S PRAYER

“ I HAVE sought repentance day and night,  
Month after month, in my convent cell ;  
But my sin is dragging my soul to hell.  
And I still love darkness rather than light.

“ For the lady I loved in the days of yore  
Came through the swamp to this awful place,  
And I heard her voice, and I saw her face,  
And I spurned her away from the convent door.

“ So I turned me again in hopeful mood  
Back to my prayers without a fear,  
But a cry still rang in the fleshly ear,  
And a face infested my solitude.

“ That cry neither praise nor prayer can drown ;  
The sound of that voice is the sound I love,  
And the sight of that face I prize above  
The golden gleam of a heavenly crown.

“ Devil or God that did'st send her to me,  
I hear her voice in the winds that blow ;  
Send her again through the swamps and the  
snow,  
God or Devil — I pray to thee.”

A smile broke over his face of pain,  
And "Lady, a moment of this," said he,  
"Is worth the woe of eternity,  
And the sorrow that never will cease again."

Oh! joy is fugitive as a breath,  
But the north wind freezes the ripples white  
And stiff on the face of the lake at night,  
And even a smile may be fixed in death.

The monks looked down at the smile on his face,  
"And even the cloud of the flesh," said they,  
"Can glow with the gleams of celestial day;  
LAUS DEO! his soul hath at last found grace."

## SONG

WHEN fields are bare, and Winter's angry  
breath

Calls all the world to frost and storm and death.

Sing me a song of the Summer

With its slumbrous melodies,

Distant notes of the song birds,

And the drowsy hum of the bees,

Plashing of reeds in the river,

And sighing of winds in the trees.

When shadows drape the earth, and night winds  
sigh

Like ghosts of morning breezes in the sky,

Sing me a song of the dawn time

And the dew on the grass and the thorn,

Hilltops ablaze with the glory,

And the mists in the valley born

Changed into golden sunshine

In the crucible of the morn.

Amid this life of fear and grief and wrath,

When tempests rage and night besets the path,

Sing me a song of my dear one

And the infinite love in her eyes;

Winter is turned into Summer,

And peace on my spirit lies

Like dew on the grass and the bramble

When the dawn breaks over the skies.

## ECHO

HER fillets are the storm-piled clouds on high ;  
She knows the haunts where eagles bring their  
plunder ;  
She renders shout for shout and cry for cry ;  
She pays a splendid usury to the thunder,  
Or wrapt in robes of silent majesty,  
Receives the homage of a loving wonder,—  
Like some sweet voice, now throned in a far sky,  
With ever widening years of silence under,—  
A voice which haunts the heart of memory  
Across the gulfs that sever souls asunder.

## THE BOAT

Ah, love! I shall not soon forget  
How by this ocean we have met  
And watched the summer moon that set  
Across the darkling sands, e'er yet  
    Time came for us to part;  
But now at length the boat draws near,  
With lights and songs and sounds of cheer,  
The music strikes upon the ear,  
    But dies upon the heart.

So here for one brief hour we stand  
At love's sweet sufferance hand in hand  
Together on a moon-paved strand,  
And watch the waves upon the sand  
    Beside a restless sea,—  
Till comes the vessel that must bear  
Me to a country fabled fair;  
Ah, love! may I be happy there  
    As on the beach with thee!

## EARTH AND HEAVEN

Her face is like the wealth of summer fields  
Where sunshine lingers o'er the dimpled  
grass ;  
To it this world its sweet luxuriance yields,  
But over it the rays of heaven pass.

Her mind is like those pure and gentle streams  
That hold the depth and starlight of the sky ;  
Along its earthly course it glows and gleams  
With glimmerings of immortality.

## A DREAM OF THE SOUTH

THICK the snow drives in my face, and wild the  
tempest howls on high,  
And an endless, hurrying crowd of careworn  
faces pass me by,  
But I seek a fairer region underneath a tropic  
sky,

Breathe the glorious ocean breezes, walk the  
shining sands once more,  
Watch the sunbeams in the water and the sea-  
gulls sailing o'er,  
And the white caps on the ocean and the foam  
flecks on the shore;

Shut the noisy, busy world out with the shell of  
memory  
At the listening ear of fancy, till my heart-  
beats seem to be  
Vocal with the lingering echoes of the far re-  
sounding sea.

## THE MIRACLES

ONCE, vexed with doubts, I did repine,  
And walked at night beside the sea,  
Puzzled that Jesus should confine  
His miracles to Galilee  
And not reveal His power to me,  
Nor make His hidden face to shine.  
Then dawn came o'er the darkling brine,  
With cloudy raiment streaming free,  
And spoke the word of power divine,  
And bade the winds obedient be,  
And walked the waves imponderably,  
And turned the water into wine.

## POWER AND LOVE

THROUGH the uttermost parts of the sea though  
we rove,  
Or in hades below or in heaven above,  
Where'er we betake us, we cannot remove  
Our poor wandering selves from God's power  
and God's love.

When the armies of Satan against us arrayed  
With their fierceness and mightiness make us  
afraid,  
Then the Lord sends His power and His love to  
our aid,  
And the battle is won and the conquest is made.

Once when Israel's host with their enemy met,  
The sun went not down and the moon did not  
set ;  
So God's power and God's love shine on high for  
us yet,  
And He never forsakes and He cannot forget.

God's allies in God's cause with God's foes we  
contend ;  
Let us, then, on God's power and God's love  
still depend,  
For like space without limit, like time without  
end,  
Are the power and the love of my King and my  
Friend.

## TO A SOUL

I would not seek to sound thy worth  
'Mid peddlers of the things of earth  
Who vaunt their wares with strident voices loud,  
Nor drag thy virtues out among  
The standards of the staring throng,  
The money-chasing, honor-hunting crowd.

Men laud not that they do not see;  
They praise thy deeds, but I praise thee,  
And sing the hidden grace that in thee lies,—  
The airy fancies, fairy-taught,  
And mystic moods from elfland caught,  
And hopes that ask no gain and seek no prize.

Transcending every weight which fails  
To gauge the power behind man's scales,  
Thou wilt, in God's aerial balance, show  
Like that unseen and silent force  
Which steers the planets in their course,  
And swings the stars of heaven to and fro.

## THE REFORMED PIRATE

FROM a tropic sun and a land uncouth,  
And the fierce desires of a glorious youth,  
I came to your northern city;  
The hand that smote has learned to toil,  
And women and clerks divide the spoil;  
My epic becomes a ditty.

But on a shelf of my memory set,  
Like curios in a cabinet,  
Is many a valued trinket;  
Implements, weapons and specimens they  
From a foreign land and a vanished day,—  
A strange collection you think it.

Useless and harmless, there they stand.  
Oh! the weapon survives the warrior's hand,  
And life alone is senescent;  
The joys and the woes of the past have died,  
And, like coral amid the shifting tide,  
Have bequeathed their bones to the present.

I hate the smell of a drawing-room age,  
Its tempered love and its petty rage;  
You are moderate, calm and steady.  
There is one whom you never will civilize;  
With flaming sword and with menacing eyes,  
The angel of death stands ready.

## THE RISING OF THE STAR

ONCE, when night was old and hoary,  
    Rose a star to tell of day,  
And the earth took up the story  
    And the shadows fled away,  
And the ocean caught the glory  
    In the fingers of the spray.

Not with art of clever dealing  
    And the wealth that it commands,  
To the sordid crowd appealing  
    When they shout and clap their hands,  
But with generous deed and feeling  
    Dawned the hope of seas and lands.

And they thought He was a stranger  
    When He came unto His own,  
And they put Him in a manger  
    Instead of on a throne,  
But the hour of shame and danger  
    And the dying made Him known.

## ALL THAT THY SPIRIT IS TO ME

"I would not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments."

ALL that thy spirit is to me,  
Ah! who can well divine,  
Unravelling eternity  
To sever thine from mine?

As wind to wave, as flowers to Spring,  
As starlight to the dark,  
As sight to eye, as air to wing,  
As morning to the lark,

As tune to tone, as warmth to light,  
As beauteous line to line,  
As all that changeless laws unite,  
So is thy soul to mine.

## THE POET

No "maker" is the poet's heart,  
In spite of classic saying;  
The poet only leaves the mart  
And, through the meadows straying,

Finds there the wild flower that appears  
Beside the path of duty,  
The bud that builds the storm of tears  
Into the bloom of beauty,

That catches from the sky above  
In dim and faint reflection,  
The sunrise colors of that love  
That knows no imperfection.

The humblest little bud that grows  
Is more than waxen flower  
That hath the colors of the rose,  
But not the vital power.

## THE PALISADES

THERE is a beetling rock which looketh down  
Across a river at a busy town.

Bethink you how from thence we watched the  
world  
With Heaven's enfolding blue about it furled.

So in the ampler compass of God's eyes  
Life lies horizon-rimmed with Paradise.

## DAWN BY THE SEA

THE bright morning comes laughing and dancing and singing

Across the expanse of the waters with glee,  
In her youth and her happiness heedlessly flinging

Her jewels of light in the lap of the sea,  
From the fabulous mines of the Orient bringing

The wealth of the gold of the sunshine to me.

Far away o'er the main where the white caps  
are glowing

And flocks of bright clouds glint and glimmer  
and flee,

All the winds that spring up with the daylight  
are blowing;

They come like fair ships that sail in from  
the sea,—

Phantom ships where the fairies and elfs have  
been stowing

The spices and perfumes of ocean for me.

O light-spirited dawn! Incarnation of pleasure!

O morning that cometh with dancing and glee!

How secured I thy favor that so without meas-  
ure  
Thou givest the wealth of the sunshine to  
me?  
And how came you to bring me your cargoes  
of treasure,  
O voyaging winds that sail in from the sea?



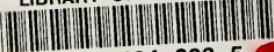








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